

and the bill giving a prosecuting witness the right to employ an attorney to help the county attorney prosecute a case."

If liquor is now found in a room, it is *prima facie* evidence that the place is a joint; if there is a government license, it is also evidence; if buildings are rented for joint purposes heavy penalties are placed on those convicted. These laws will help the state get rid of her joints. They were needed and they are the result of Mrs. Nation's work.

It is not a question as to her sanity. It is not a question as to her work since. It is not a question as to how she would be received in other states. The question is, did she accomplish any good? The laws enacted and the work done thru others answers the question.

After her work started, Holton joints that had existed for years were wiped out of existence. So in other towns. An electric wave of courage seemed to sweep thru the state, and the wishes of thousands were translated into action.

Now in regard to the glass she broke and the picture she destroyed. In the writ of *habeas corpus* for the release of Mrs. Nation, it is said the picture was "indecent and obscene" to exhibit, "and the exhibition of said picture in the manner adopted was in violation of the statutes of the state of Kansas, and was a breach of the peace at common law, the same being an act calculated to, and did arouse the baser passions of men and degrade and disgrace womanhood." The glass was arranged to reflect the picture, and was with the frame considered a part of it. These facts are not generally known, and when known may help the reader to understand the condition.

Mrs. Isabel G. Brown, in a letter to "*Our Messenger*," says: "One must need to live in Wichita to fully appreciate the situation. Years ago Mr. Marsh Murdock, of the *Wichita Eagle*, is said to have declared his intention to make Wichita 'a wide open cowboy town,' and that is what we certainly have, with forty joints and their attachments; gambling dens and houses that mean the degradation of womanhood and the debasements of boyhood; intimidated business men who are afraid of boycotts; silent ministers threatened with retirement if they lift up their voices against the reign of crime; a police force paid from a system of illegal fines collected from saloon keepers, and the hundreds of pitiful, debased, degraded out-cast girls, slaves of the liquor traffic, with Christian (?) men and women, members of churches, willing that their taxes shall be reduced from the same unlawful source. We surely have an appalling condition of society."

This was one town. Think of the situation multiplied, and whatever may be your idea of methods, you must admit circumstances altar cases. It is not for us to side with the crowd who danced around the calf of gold, and find fault with Moses for break-

ing two pieces of granite. God replaced them, let us be still and know him.

Carleton, Neb.

The Home

"What a Boy Can Do"

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?

—Selected.

HOME

MABEL INGLERIGHT

It is a place that we often go,
As in this broad world we roam,
That fills us with joy and gladness;
The blessed place called "home."

It touches every heart string with its gentle footsteps. There is one vision that never fades from the soul as long as memory around us clings and that is the picture of home.

Home is the place where the majority of our habits are made and where the foundations of our character are laid.

My ideal of a complete home is not some fine mansion, but a comfortable house with pleasant surroundings, where parents and children dwell. It ought to be filled with love, kind words, kind deeds and willing hands to do for one another cheerfully. Perhaps to the stranger it may not be inviting, but to us it is "the dear old home." The old adage is true, "Home is home if it's ever so homely."

You may travel over this broad land of ours from east to west and from north to south, to view the wonderful works of God, which are marvelous and beautiful to behold, all of which tend to strengthen our love for their Creator. Then, after viewing these wonders until tired there comes a reverting of the mind toward home.

One man has said, "Home is the sacred refuge of our life." A most beautiful description of the endearing part of home is found in the song entitled, "Home Sweet Home."

It isn't a place so much for pleasure in idleness and entertainment, but a place where there is joy found in each one performing his duty and all working together in harmony.

Let a person who has never been away from home for a period of time leave his native land and go to some foreign land and remain for a length of time, and then almost before he is aware of it he is overtaken with a sickness which is commonly known as

"home sickness," a remedy for which can be obtained only by the congeniality of actual home surroundings. Then is when we more fully realize the blessedness of home.

There is one idea that is present in my mind, that of the magnet or tie which binds us to home and what it is that causes within our very hearts such an environment for home.

It seems that God has so intended it, that people may have some place to get rest and to prepare for, and be more strong to go out and meet the cares and duties of this life in the busy world.

Among the different things,
Written on memory's page
The one of "home and mother"
Is the blessed one of the age.

South Bend, Ind.

How to Sweeten Life's Trials

J. N. Fradenburgh.

Open all the doors to the religion of Christ. It will make this world a paradise. It will sweeten the every-day trials of life, the little perplexities and annoyances, little sorrows and trials, little disappointments and mistakes.

Life is largely filled with little matters. We should not wait for great occasions, important missions, gigantic labors, bitter persecutions, mighty oppositions. These will come to but few. But little difficulties, petty troubles, will come to us all; and these are the things which wear away life. Religion will sweeten these.

Nature ever helps the tiny objects. A small flower blossoms at my feet. The clouds gather swiftly in the sky to water it; infinite chemistry works at its roots to nourish it; the mighty power of gravitation and other equally unconquerable forces hold it and guard it; the sun rises and shines to paint beauty upon its cheek; the winds are marshaled to fan it; the stars are lighed up in the sky to cheer it by night; everything is made to contribute to the comfort of this tiny flower. God's providence looks after little things. The religion of Christ is suited to tired women and peevish children. It is suited to the office, the cradle, the sewing-machine, the headache, the heartache, the nursery, the school-room, the lonely attic, the evening ramble. It should sweeten all the moments, thoughts, and feelings, the voice, the conversation, the toils and afflictions of life, the temper, and the heart.

A Sweet Voice

Apples of Gold.

I wonder how many of my readers try to speak so that their voices will sound sweet and pleasant to every one that hears them. There are boys and girls who never try to do this, and presently their voices become harsh and loud and unpleasant to hear. A sweet voice in the home is like a beautiful chime of bells which delight us every time they are rung, but a loud, rough, noisy voice,